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THE LION OF THORWALDSEN.

LUCERNE, in Switzerland, boasts of many remarkable works of art and genius. The most celebrated of these productions is the national monument of the Lion of Thorwaldsen, erected about sixteen years since, to the memory of the thousand Swiss Guards who were massacred at Paris, on August 10, 1793. The Lion was first modelled in plaster at Rome, by Thorwaldsen, the eminent Danish sculptor; but, in its conveyance to Lucerne was much damaged and broken. The fragments were, however, carefully collected and cemented together by General Fyfe, a gentleman of considerable taste in the arts. It was then resolved that a singular rock in the garden of *l'Anglais* of the General, near Lucerne, should be sculptured into the national monument. The execution was intrusted to a young artist of Constance, named Ahorn, who has perfectly succeeded in transmitting to the rock a faithful, colossal representation of Thorwaldsen's model. The details of this interesting memorial to patriotic bravery are thus given in Mr. Macgregor's very entertaining

Note Book:—

"The Lion, which is recumbent, is thirty feet (English) in length from the nose to the root of the tail, and in the proportion of nineteen feet in height, had it been represented standing.

"The rock is cut out so as to represent a cave of moderate depth, and forty-six feet in length by thirty in height. Above it you observe the inscription, "*Helveticorum Fidei ac Virtuti*," and beneath, on the immense pedestal or base, the names of the officers and soldiers who perished, defending the Tuileries, and of those who escaped, and who have contributed towards the erection of this monument. Near the foot there is a small chapel; on the door of which are the words, '*Invictis Pax*,' and the altar of which is covered by an embroidered, silk cloth, on which are wrought the words, '*Overage de S. A. R. Marie Thérèse de France, en 1825. Donné à la Chapelle du Monument du 10 Août 1793, à Lucerne.*' Opposite you observe a lodge—that is the dwelling of one of the invalids who survived the massacre, and who now guards the monument. In front, there is a pretty sheet of water fed

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by several murmuring streamlets. The rock is richly crested with thriving shrubs:—knots and clumps of trees add beauty and picturesque effect to the whole. But we have still to speak of the *chef d'œuvre*.

"The dying Lion, in the sublimity of poetical expression, covers with his body a *feur de lis* buckler, which he has no further power to defend; the lance which pierced his side remains thrust in the flank; the face expresses at the same time, the grief of noble feelings and the resignation of tranquil courage. His redoubtable paw is extended as if to defend against a fresh attack; his eyes half-shut seem weeping for the fate of France, and as about to be closed for ever; and yet the visage still retains its own dauntless character—"tremendous still, in death."

The event commemorated by this triumph of genius may be in the recollection of every one familiar with the narratives of the early atrocities of the French Revolution. To other readers, a brief sketch of the tragic scene may be especially interesting.

In the chronicles of the Revolution, we find that August 10, 1793, was the day which, after repeated adjournments, had been fixed by the Girondists and their rivals for the final rising. The King, (Louis XVI.,) being apprised of their intention, had hastily recalled from their barracks about a thousand Swiss Guards, upon whose fidelity he could depend. Early in the morning, the tocsin rang out its alarm peal over the terrified city of Paris, and announced that the long menaced insurrection was on foot. In many parishes, the Constitutional party resisted those who came to sound this awful signal; but the well prepared Jacobins were found every where victorious, and the prolonged, mournful sound was soon tolled out from every steeple in the metropolis.

The Swiss Guards now got under arms, and repaired to their posts in and around the palace, aided by upwards of 400 grenadiers. Upon the first signal of the tocsin, the relics of the Royalist party repaired to the palace: joined to the domestic attendants of the Royal family, they might amount to about 400 persons.

After the King and the Royal family had quitted the palace, and placed themselves under the protection of the National Assembly, the Swiss Guards were left in suspense without orders, and the military discipline of this fine corps prevented their retiring from an assigned post without command. It is, however, said that they were ordered not to suffer their posts to be forced; to which the intrepid Swiss replied, "you may rely on it."

Meanwhile, the court in front of the Tuilleries was abandoned, and the Guards were drawn within the building itself. The insurgents, with the Marseilloise and Breton Federates at their heads, poured into the

courtyard without opposition, planted their cannon, and advanced to the outposts of the Swiss. They pushed forward, and it is said that the Swiss at first offered demonstrations of truce. But the assailants thronged onward, and, in the struggle of the parties, a shot was fired, but by which side is uncertain. All chance of reconciliation was now hopeless. Hard firing instantly commenced from the insurgents, whilst the palace blazed forth fire from every window, and a great number of the assailants fell. The Swiss, whose numbers were now only about 700 men, (300 having accompanied the King,) determined, notwithstanding, upon a sally, which, in the beginning, was completely successful. They drove the insurgents from the courtyard, killed many of the Marseilloise and Bretons, took some of their guns, and put them to flight in the streets, so that word was carried to the National Assembly that the Swiss were victorious; where several of the deputies, thinking the Guards were hastening to massacre them, attempted to escape by the windows of the Hall.

If, indeed, the sally of the Swiss had been supported by a sufficient body of faithful cavalry, the Revolution might have been that day ended. But the *gen-d'armes*, the only horsemen in the field, were devoted to the popular cause; and the Swiss, too few to secure their advantage, were obliged to return to the palace, where they were again invested.

The firing was now renewed on both sides, till the ammunition of the Swiss began to fail; at which moment a messenger arrived from the Assembly, with the King's commands that the Swiss should cease firing, evacuate the palace, and repair to the Royal person. The faithful Guards obeyed at once, notwithstanding the object was submission, but conceiving they were summoned elsewhere, to fight under the King's eye. They had no sooner collected themselves into a body, and attempted to cross the Garden of the Tuilleries, than exposed to a destructive fire on all sides, the remains of that noble regiment, so faithful to the trust assigned to it, diminished at every step; until, charged repeatedly by the treacherous *gens-d'armes*, who ought to have supported them, they were separated into platoons, which continued to defend themselves with courage, even till the very last of them was overpowered, dispersed, and destroyed by multitudes. A better defence against such fearful odds scarce remains on historical record—a more useless one can hardly be imagined.

The rabble, with their leaders, the Federates, now burst into the palace, executing the most barbarous vengeance on the few defenders who had not made their escape.

An almost vain attempt was made to save the lives of that remaining detachment of

Swiss which had formed the King's escort to the Assembly, and to whom several of the scattered Royalists had again united themselves. Their officers proposed, as a last effort of despair, to make themselves masters of the Assembly, and declare the deputies hostages for the King's safety. Considering the smallness of their numbers, such an attempt could only have produced additional bloodshed, which would have been ascribed, doubtless, to the King's treachery. But the King commanded them to resign their arms, being the last order which he issued to any military force. He was obeyed; but, as they were instantly attacked by the insurgents, few escaped slaughter, and submission preserved but a handful. About 750 fell in the defence and after the storm of the Tuileries. Some few were saved by the generous exertions of individual deputies; others were sent to a prison, where a bloody end awaited them: but the greater part were butchered by the rabble, so soon as they saw them without arms. The mob sought for them the whole night, and massacred many porters of private families, who, at Paris, are generally termed Swiss, though often natives of other countries.

Bonaparte, then a captain in the artillery by seniority, witnessed this sanguinary insurrection. He was accustomed to speak of the insurgents as the most despicable banditti, and to express with what ease a determined officer could have checked these apparently formidable, but dastardly and unwieldy masses. But, with what a different feeling of interest would Napoleon have looked on that infuriated populace, those still resisting and overpowered Swiss, and that burning palace, had any seer whispered to him, "Emperor that shall be! all this blood and massacre is but to prepare your future empire."²²⁴

TO THE WILD SEA-GULL.

Bird of the desert shore!
Thy path is o'er the waters, and thy home
Is pillow'd on the lonely breaker's foam,
Amid the water's roar.
Thou lovest to pursue
Thy silent way upon the starless deep,
When winds and waves have sung themselves to sleep.
And heaven is darkly blue.
And when the skies are dim
With the gray shadows of the twilight's hour,
Thou hear'st the choral birds from wood and tow'r,
Singing their sunset hymn.
But it delights thee more
To sail upon the billow, or to fly
With thrilling scream across the stormy sky.
And seek the rocky shore.
Thou solitary bird!
When the turmoil of waves is long and loud,
And the fork'd lightning darts from out the cloud,
Thy stirring voice is heard.

* Abridged from Scott's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, vol. ii., pp. 4-20.

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Companion of the Wave!
As thy wings gleam amid the sunless sky,
May winds prolong the cadence of thy cry
Over the shipwreck'd brave.
G. R. C.

AN ACROSTIC.

MUTE is that mighty voice, that 'witching strain
Adored. Drilting, thrilling to the heart;
Deep in the grave 'tis hushed, and all in vain
A nation's tears, at their bereavement, start.
Matchless enthusiast! whose daring soul,
Encompass'd in a narrow house of clay,
More mortal pangs could tame not, nor control!
And hast thy towering spirit pass'd away?
Lives then no more *Amias's* wild despair?
Is thine heroic faith, *Fidelio*, dead?
H y Memory's fount alone they dwell, and there
Repose, beside the gifted and the dead.
A star from Music's heav'n hath winged its flight;
N eath brighter skies its bias of song to pour.
Death cannot quench its high immortal light,
Enshrined it burns, where kindred saints adore.
Be cautious being! years on years may fly
E re genius, such as thine, shall spring to birth,
R obed in such soul-enchanting melody,
I t breath'd far more of heav'n than grovelling earth!
O h! till life's dying pulse my senses chill;
T hine image on my soul, be graven still.

J. H. H.

Retrospective Cleanings.

REBUS ON NAMES.

(From an ancient MS. in the British Museum.)

MANY approved customs, laws, manners, fashions, and phrases, have the English always borrowed of their neighbours the French; especially since the time of Edward the Confessor, who resided long in France, and is charged by historians of his time to have returned from thence wholly Frenchified. Soon after the triumphant and victorious Edward III. had traversed France, and planted English colonies in Calais, Hames, and Guynes, our people, bordering upon the pregnant Picards, began to admire their fooleries in painted poesies; for, whereas a poesy is a speaking picture, and a picture a speechless poesy, they which lacked wit to express their conceit in speech, did use to depict it out in pictures, which they called *rebuses*. These were so well liked by our English there, that they were soon sent over the Strait of Calais with full sail: and as he was no gentleman, but a juck, that could not speak French; so he was nobody, that could not hammer out of his name an invention, and picture it accordingly. Roger Wall, an herald, for his name had painted a wall embattled, a roebuck leaning thereunto with ger upon his buttock, for Roger Wall. Did not that amorous youth mystically express his love to Rose Hill, whom he courted, when in the border of his painted cloth, he caused to be painted, as rudely as he devised grossly, a rose, a hill, an eye, a loaf, and a well; that is, if you will spell it: *Rose Hill I love well*. The name of Abbot

Islop,* of Westminster, affords many mains of this sort of wit, the most extravagant of which is, an eye falling out of the socket, for *I slip*. It may seem doubtful whether Bolton, Prior of St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield, was wiser, when he invented for his name a birdbolt through a tun.†

The signification of the sign called the Bolt-in-tun, in Fleet-street, is derived from the latter name; for the innkeeper having a beneficial lease from the priory, in gratitude adopted the favourite rebus of the prior as the sign for his house.

Rose Knotwing, a pious lady, had painted on glass, in an old house in Islington, the representation of a rose, a knot or twisted cord, and a wing, as a rebus for her name.

W. G. C.

* In a sculpture at Westminster, the Abbot was represented slipping from a tree.

† A bolt or arrow pierced through a tun.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW FACTS.

[As in a former year, we select from the Reports of the late Meeting of the British Association, at Bristol, such New Facts and contributions to Popular Science as may most interest our readers. Our sources or textbooks are the *Literary Gazette*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Magazine of Popular Science*, the latter, by the way, a well conducted Journal commenced with the present year, the success of which every lover of science will rejoice to witness.]

Bird-killing Spider.

Mr. Rootsey exhibited a living specimen of the *Aranea mygale avicularia*, which is of the spider tribe, and made some observations on the subject. It was not uncommon to meet with them in collections, and one of them had been found in the London Docks. The animal in question was brought in a cargo of logwood, from the bay of Campeachy; it was not known, however, how it had subsisted, for though pieces of meat had been near it, it had not eaten them, but it was supposed to have sucked the meat. Allusion was made to the opinions, as to its poisonous qualities being more venomous than the serpent, and the extraordinary tales which were related of it; but, whether these were fabulous or not, its mode of procuring food was by dropping from the branches of trees into the nests of birds, and preying not only on the birds but on the eggs; whence it derived its name.—*Literary Gazette*.

Growth of Wheat.

Mr. G. W. Hall called attention to a statement of facts connected with the acceleration of the growth of wheat. The average length of time required for the growth of wheat was about ten months; but observation had led to

the conviction that much of this time might be saved; and the result has shown that five months have sufficed to produce an abundant crop of wheat, (a sample of which was exhibited to the section), by adapting the plant to the soil. The lighter silicious soils, when manured, possessed a warm and stimulating character, and conducted to a very rapid growth of plants, but they soon became exhausted; and it must be evident that an acceleration of the growth and ripening of the plants committed to a light soil, and a diminution of the time required for perfecting its crops, must not only be congenial to its character, but tend to economize and prolong its productive powers. These circumstances had been observed and acted on with the most beneficial results in various ways. The paper then touched at length on the means to be employed in accelerating the vegetable growth, the evils attending it, &c.

Dr. Richardson referred to the statement of Humboldt, that the time required for the growth of wheat in South America was only 90 days, and in North America only 70 days; and thought, if the seed were imported, Mr. Hall's object might be attained.

After some discussion on this paper, Dr. Daubeney stated to the section the result of several experiments which he had made on the effects of arsenic on vegetables. He had tried some experiments at Oxford, and he found that the plants, which were mustard, barley, and beans, did not suffer till more than one-half the soil was composed of the sulphurate of arsenic. Mr. Stephens stated that the fish in some trout streams in the vicinity of mines were destroyed in consequence of the water drained from the mines having been turned into them. A coachmaster of this city had informed him that his horses had suffered very much in consequence of grazing in a field near spelter works.—*Ibid*.

East Indian Fruits.

Among other matters, Colonel Sykes read an interesting paper on the fruits, cultivated and wild, of the Deccan, in the East Indies. The author stated that they amounted to forty-five cultivated (many of which are found wild also), and twenty-one wild fruits. They were illustrated by many drawings from absolute measurements, and had scales of length attached to them. The times of flowering and fruiting were mentioned, and the uses of the various fruits in the arts, in the general economy of the people; and deriving his intelligence from several ancient Sanscrit works, the Colonel detailed their medical qualities according to the opinion of the Hindus; and enumerated the religious ceremonies and ideas with which the plants and their products were associated. He found the *Anemona*, *Anacardium*, and *Carica*, in universal cultivation, although they are sup-

posed to be natives of the Western world. He described what he considered to be the original of the *Citrus* family, as abounding in the wild state as a good sized tree along the western Ghauts of the Deccan; and he stated the wild nutmeg to be a noble forest tree at the source of the B— river. Colonel Sykes gave, also, the names of various fruits in the Mahratta, Sanscrit, and Hindustanee languages; and noticed that, wherever a Sanscrit name was wanting, the probability was that the fruit was not indigenous.

It appeared there were three kinds of mulberry, the species of one of which was unknown; and it was suggested, that the Deccan afforded a fine field for their cultivation and the profitable production of silk.—*Ibid.*

Travelling in Scotland.

On the subject of travelling by land there is some entertaining antiquarian information in a paper by Dr. Cleland.

Stage coaches were first introduced into Scotland in 1678. On the 6th of August, in that year, Provost Campbell, and the other magistrates of Glasgow, contracted with William Hume of Edinburgh, that he should run a coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of 42 miles. The following is an abstract of the indenture, which is rather curious. Hume engaged with all diligence to run a coach with six able horses, to leave Edinburgh every Monday morning, and return (God willing) every Saturday night; the passengers to have the liberty of taking a cloak-bag for their clothes; the *Burgesses of Glasgow* to have a preference to the coach; the fare from the 1st of March to the 1st of September, to be 4*l.* 16*s.* Scots, (8*s.* sterling); and during the other months, 5*l.* 8*s.* Scots. As the undertaking was arduous, and could not be gone into without assistance, the magistrates agreed to give Hume 200 merks a-year for five years. The coach was to run for that period, whether passengers applied or not, in consideration of his having actually received two years' premium in advance, 22*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* sterling.

In 1739, not quite a century ago, two gentlemen going from Edinburgh to London, state that they "made the journey on horse-back; that there was no turnpike road till they came to Grantham, within one hundred and ten miles of London; that up to that point they travelled upon a narrow causeway, with an unmade, soft road upon each side of it; that they met, from time to time, strings of pack-horses, from 30 to 40 in a gang, the mode by which goods seemed to have been transported from one part of the country to another. The leading horse of the gang carried a bell, to give warning to travellers coming in the opposite direction; and he said that when they met these trains of horses, with their packs across their backs, the cause-

way not affording room to pass, they were obliged to make way for them, and plunge into the side road, out of which they sometimes found it difficult to get back again upon the causeway. * * Now, the gross number of persons passing and repassing to Glasgow yearly, amount to one million, five hundred and eighty-seven thousand, one hundred and ninety-eight (1,587,198)."—*Ibid.*

Trade with India.

A paper was read by Colonel Sykes, "On the Utility of Co-operating Committees of Trade and Agriculture in the Commercial and Manufacturing Towns of Great Britain, &c. as projected by Mr. Holt Mackenzie and Mr. Forbes Royle, and advocated by Sir Alexander Johnston and Sir C. Forbes, for investigating more exclusively the Natural and Artificial Products of India."

The object of the paper, (and it is a most important one both to Great Britain and to her eastern empire,) was to invite the formation of committees, as suggested in the above title, in our principal manufacturing and commercial towns, either in co-operation with the Royal Asiatic Society, or independently, for the following purposes:—

1. To ascertain what articles, the produce of India, now imported into England, are of inferior quality to those produced in other countries; to investigate the causes of the inferiority, and to explain and suggest means for removing them.

2. To ascertain what articles now in demand in England, or likely to be used, if furnished, but not yet generally forming part of our commerce with India, could be profitably provided in that country, or their place advantageously supplied by other things belonging to it; to take measures for making known in India the wants of England, and in England, the capabilities of India; and to suggest and facilitate such experiments as may be necessary to determine the practicability of rendering the resources of the one country subservient to the exigencies of the other.

3. To ascertain what useful articles are produced in countries possessing climates resembling those of the different parts of India which are not known to that country, and *vice versa*. To consider the means of transplanting the productions, and transferring the processes of one country to another; and to encourage and facilitate all useful interchanges of that nature.

4. With the above views, and for the sake of general knowledge and improvement, to consider how the Statistics of Indian Agriculture and Arts (including climate, meteorology, geology, botany, and zoology) may be most conveniently and economically ascertained and recorded; and to encourage and facilitate all inquiries directed to those objects.

Numerous illustrations of these great national considerations were quoted from Mr. Royle. It appeared that so lately as 1784, an American vessel arrived at Liverpool with eight bags of cotton, which were seized, under the belief that America *did not produce* that article; and now her produce is 400 millions of pounds, the greater part of which is consumed in Great Britain; and it is a remarkable fact, that the native country of the Sea Island cotton is supposed to be Persia! The Carolina Rice, which sells at 5d. per lb., whilst the best India rice sells at only 2½d. or 3d., originated in a single bag of East India rice given by Mr. C. Dubois, of the India House, to an American trader. All the coffee of the West Indies originated in a single plant in the hot-houses of Amsterdam. How pregnant were these examples; and how much might the act, even of an individual, change the face of a country!

* Of new or little-known articles lately introduced from India, and which are of the utmost importance to our manufacturing interests, it was stated, that in 1792, Mr. Brown, the resident at Cossimbazar, told the council at Calcutta, that if it should think proper to send a few cwt. of lac to Europe, it *might* be procured in Calcutta. The annual consumption in England is now estimated at 600,000 lbs. Catechu was so much neglected that its price was as low as 2s. per cwt.; it was discovered to be useful in dying cotton a peculiar brown, and is also employed in tanning; and its price is steady at 40s. per cwt. Royal safflower is another article of curious illustration. Ten years since only, Turkey safflower was known, and now the East India alone commands the market. Rape-seed recently introduced has, it is understood, produced a profit to one mercantile house of 40,000*l.* Flax, or linseed, for which we are dependant on Russia for 50,000 tons annually, first began to be imported from India in 1832: it was found to be better than the Russian, and the crushers gave 15s. per cwt. more for it. The importation has amazingly increased, and England will doubtless ere long look to her own dependencies for the total supply of her wants. In India, even some kinds of Indian iron have recently been sold at more than double the price of the English iron. The rapid increase of the importation of castor and cocoa-nut oils was mentioned; and specimens of cocoa-nut fibre, as a valuable, cheap, and healthy substitute for horse-hair, in stuffing mattresses, &c., were exhibited. Many other articles were enumerated as of infinite value to the manufacturers of England; gums, resins, varnishes, oil, and cordage, plants, &c. &c., besides articles of the *Materia Medica*, such as senna, rhubarb, &c. &c. &c.

Colonel Sykes concluded by stating that he was merely the channel of communication of

the ideas of others, but if in being so, he assisted, in the slightest degree, to advance the well-being of his fellow men, of whatever shade of colour, of the East or of the West, his object would be effected and his gratification complete. He offered his aid, should gentlemen be desirous of forming themselves into committees, either separately or in conjunction with the Royal Asiatic Society, as at first suggested.

Anecdote Gallery.

BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.

An event interesting to physiologists occurred at half-past six on Sunday, the 23rd ult. The wife of the dwarf, Don Santiago de los Santos, (herself a dwarf,) was delivered of a well-formed, male infant, at their residence, No. 167, High Holborn, near Museum-street. The accoucheurs were Mr. Bowden, of Sloane-street, Chelsea, who once before attended Donna Santiago on a similar occasion; and Dr. Davis, of Saville-row. Both gentlemen had for some time been very assiduous in their attentions to the little lady; but the infant, though it came into the world alive, did not survive its birth above an hour. Its length is thirteen inches and a half; its weight is one pound four ounces and a half, (avoirdupois;) it is in every respect well formed; and the likeness of its face to that of the father is very striking. It was carried in a coffin to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury; but, being there refused sepulture, it was taken home, preserved in spirits, and will be exhibited for some time, previously to being deposited in one of our public museums. Dr. Davis was very anxious to have it submitted to dissection, and to lecture upon it at the theatre of the London University; this, however, was declined by the Lilliputian parents, who appeared to feel poignantly this second disappointment of their hopes.

Don Santiago, who is only *twenty-five inches high*, is at present in his fiftieth year. He is a native of the Spanish settlement of Manilla; in one of the forests of which, it seems, he was exposed to death in his infancy, on account of his diminutive size. He was, however, miraculously saved by the Viceroy, who, happening to be hunting in that quarter, humanely ordered him to be taken care of and nursed with the same tenderness as his own children, with whom the little creature was brought up and educated, until he had attained the age of *manhood*. His birth is dated from the period of his exposure, which was in 1786. His parents, who were afterwards discovered, were farmers; and were, with their own children, (son and daughters,) of robust frame, and rather above the usual height.

When he was twenty years of age, his humane protector died; and attachment to the land of his birth, (to which he often says he will return,) prevented him from accompanying his foster-brothers and sisters to Old Spain. This wilfulness cost him dear; neglected by his own parents and family, he suffered hardships and privations of the most afflicting nature. At length, he found his way to Madras, and was, about six years ago, brought to England by the captain of a trading vessel. During the voyage, he was washed overboard by a heavy sea; but hen-coops and spars being thrown out, and other assistance afforded, his life was saved. On his arrival in northern latitudes, he suffered severely from cold; and even now, though insured to the climate, he cannot swallow cold water. Still, he never goes near a fire, although he feels sensibly if his room be not kept warm. He is stoutly built, and generally possesses cheerful spirits and good health. His complexion is of a slight, copper colour, and the expression of his countenance is pleasing and intelligent. His habits are moderate, and he seldom drinks any thing but *warm water*; but, on his birthdays, wedding anniversaries, and other festivals, he indulges in a few glasses of wine; indeed, on such occasions, he passes round the bottle, and does the other honours of the table with much dignity, hospitality, and *éclat*. He is fond of music and dancing, and is a great admirer of the ladies; but his ruling passion appears to be a fondness for gay and glittering attire, jewellery, and silver plate—to all which luxuries he has been accustomed in the house and at the table of the Viceroy of Manila. His mind appears to be deeply impressed with the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, in which his foster-father took care to have him instructed. He reads his prayer-book and psalter morning and evening, very devoutly crossing himself, and performing his genuflexions with all the other ceremonies inculcated by the teachers of that faith. Once or twice a month, he goes to the Spanish Ambassador's Chapel, where, secluded from observation, he worships with all the sincerity and devotion of a good Catholic. Beside his native tongue, he speaks an Indian *patois*, converses freely in Portuguese, and in English indifferently well.

He became acquainted with his little wife in Birmingham, of which town she is a native. Her name was Ann Hopkins, and her height is *thirty-eight* inches, being thirteen inches taller than himself. She is thirty-one years of age, and is really a pretty little creature, possessing much symmetry and grace. Her father stands six feet one inch and a half without his shoes; her mother is of middle size; and her brothers and sisters, (of whom there are nine in all,) are tall and

robust. The little don and donna live together very affectionately, their attachment having been mutual, and at *first sight*: the only difference of opinion is, that she being a Protestant, they do not worship together; and that, ever since an attempted robbery of her husband by his countryman, *she hates all Spaniards*, and pouts, and frets, and scolds, whenever she sees him converse with one. They were married on the 6th of July, 1834, in the Catholic Chapel, at Birmingham; and, two days after, at St. Martin's Church in the same town, by the Rev. Mr. Foye, the high bailiff giving the bride away. At this marriage, the crowds were so great, that the assistance of the police was necessary to secure the ingress and egress of the little couple into and out of the church; and the whole affair made no little noise throughout the kingdom. Much uneasiness was caused to the bridegroom by the refusal of one clergyman to ratify this marriage in the Protestant church, on the supposition that it was contrary to the canon law. Mr. Foye, however, overcame these difficulties by consulting the lawyers.—*Abridged from the Morning Advertiser.*

MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN COOK.

THIS unostentatious tribute to the memory of our celebrated circumnavigator is placed in Great St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge, and the inscriptions on it are as follow:

IN MEMORY

OF CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, of the Royal Navy, one of the most celebrated Navigators that this or former Ages can boast of; who was killed by the Natives of OWHYTHE, in the Pacific Ocean, on the 14th day of February, 1779; in the 51st year of his Age.

OF MR. NATHANIEL COOK, who was lost with the THUNDERER Man-of-War, CAPTAIN BOYLE WALNORHAM, in a most dreadful Hurricane, in October, 1780; aged 16 years.

OF Mr. Hugh Cook, of Christ's College, Cambridge, who died on the 31st of December, 1793, aged 17 years.

OF James Cook, Esq. Commander in the Royal Navy, who lost his life on the 25th of January, 1794, in going from Pool to the SPITFIRE Sloop-of-War, which he commanded; in the 31st year of his Age.

OF ELIZABETH COOK, who died April 9th, 1771, Aged 4 years.

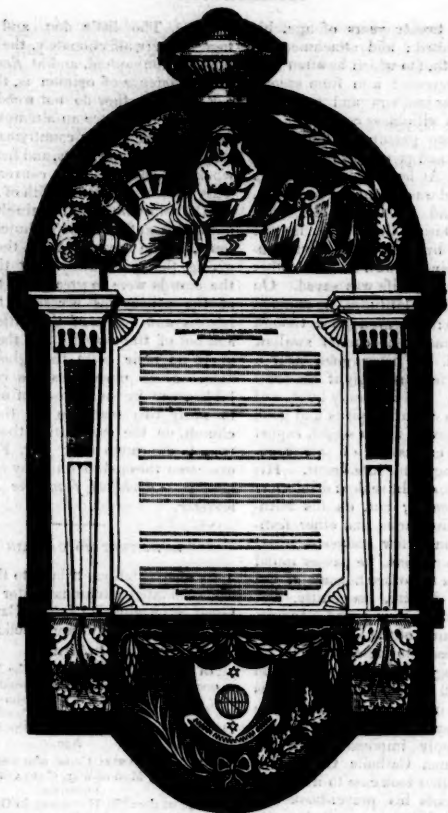
JOSEPH COOK, who died September 13th, 1768, Aged 1 month.

GEORGE COOK, who died October 1st, 1773, Aged 4 months.

ALL CHILDREN of the first-mentioned Captain James Cook, by ELIZABETH COOK, who survived her husband 56 years, and departed this life 13th May, 1835, at her residence, Clapham, Surrey, in the 94th year of her age. Her remains are deposited

with those of her sons, JAMES and HUGH, in the middle Aisle of this Church.

On the small garter which crosses the



(Monument to Captain Cook.)

trumpet, (at right angles,) grasped by the arm, is inscribed the motto

"Cirea Orbem,"

and on the scroll under the shield bearing the globe is

"Nil intentatum Reliquit"—

On the globe are lines tracing the shores of the "Pacific Ocean," which words are distinctly engraved on it. The material is grey, white, and blue marble. The date of erection does not appear.

Of this deservedly famous mariner it has been observed, that while numberless naval heroes have sought and gained reputation amidst the glories of war, it has been the lot of Cook to derive celebrity from less imposing, but not less important, exploits, as they tended to promote the intercourse of distant nations, and increase the stock of useful science.

Of Captain Cook some interesting biographical particulars will be found in this Miscellany, vol. xi. p. 123; and an anecdote of his early life, in vol. xxvi. p. 384. The Captain's widow, who died last year, had been in the receipt of a pension from Government of 185*l.* per annum, to the time of her death, from Feb. 15, 1779, the day after that on which her husband was killed at the Sandwich Islands. Her property was sworn under 60,000*l.* She bequeathed the Copley medal, struck in honour of Captain Cook by the Royal Society, and the medal also struck in honour of her husband by order of George III., (of which there never were but five,) to the British Museum. The Schools for the Indigent Blind, and Royal Maternity Charity, are benefited by her to the amount of nearly 1,000*l.* Consols, besides various other public and private charities.

These particulars and accompanying Engraving have been derived from Nos. 41 and 48 of that excellent Journal, the *Nautical Magazine*.

New Books.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

[We know nothing of this work beyond a sheet of specimens which has been forwarded to us by the publishers, and the fact of the author being the writer of the *Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*, published during last session. From the specimen sheet we select a few, pointed passages, which exhibit the descriptive ease of the author's style, and lead us to expect an attractive volume: we predict that the statistical facts alone will render it interesting as well as valuable.]

Extent and Population of London.

The first thing which strikes a person on his visiting London, is its amazing extent. In walking through its streets, he fancies himself in a vast world of houses, out of which there is no escaping. Let a stranger be placed in the centre of the metropolis, and take what direction he will, he cannot fail, from the distance he will have to walk before he reaches the outskirts, to be struck with amazement at its enormous extent; but if he starts from Hyde-park Corner, and proceeds towards Poplar, even should he take the most direct way,—which is through Oxford-street, Holborn, Newgate-street, Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall-street, White-chapel, and the Commercial-road,—he will feel himself quite wearied with the journey he has performed, and will be overwhelmed with astonishment at the size of the place, long before he has reached his destination. The distance from Hyde-park Corner to Poplar, by the most direct road, is nearly eight miles. To walk over such an extent of ground amidst the everlasting jostling and interruptions which one has to encounter in the crowded thoroughfares of London, is no easy task. Those who have once achieved such a pedestrian feat, will feel no disposition to repeat it. But it is not in its length only that London is a place of vast magnitude. It is proportionably broad. In some parts, its breadth is upwards of five miles, and its average-breadth is little short of four miles. Its circumference, in 1830, was estimated at thirty miles. Taking into account the great additions which have since been made to its suburbs, we may safely conclude that its circumference now is not less than thirty-five miles. The area of the metropolis is calculated to exceed 14,000 square acres. It is divided into no fewer than 153 parishes. The computed number of its streets, lanes, rows, alleys,

courts, &c., is about 10,000, and it boasts of upwards of eighty squares. It is impossible to tell with any certainty the number of houses contained in London; but the most moderate calculation which has been made represents it as above 250,000. The population is now at least 2,000,000.

Crowded State of the Streets of London.

In proceeding along the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, the stranger is astonished at the vast crowds of people he meets. Whichever side of the street he is on, or in whatever direction he looks, he sees nothing on the pavement but a dense mass of human beings, not stationary or inactive, but all proceeding on their respective errands with as much expedition as the crowded state of the thoroughfare will allow. In fact, even when one has nothing to hurry him, it is so much the custom to walk at a quick pace in the crowded parts of town, that he appears to be in as great haste as if he had just received intelligence of his house being on fire. In such places as Ludgate hill, Newgate-street, or Cheapside, you hardly ever encounter a loiterer. You may be stopped in your progress by coming in collision with some one who is going in as great a hurry as yourself in the opposite direction; but you have hardly ever to push any one aside to let you pass, who is proceeding on the same route. Indeed, the great point in dispute, amidst the great hosts of pedestrians who throng the pavements, is, who can thread his way through the advancing crowd he has to encounter with the greatest alacrity. The Ettrick Shepherd, when in London, in 1832, observed in his own peculiar but felicitous style, "that all the folks he saw in the principal streets, seemed to be in as great a hurry, as if Death himself had been following hard at their heels."

Of the crowded state of the leading streets of the metropolis, some idea may be formed when I mention that, a few years ago, the number of persons who crossed London Bridge in one day was counted, and found to be very nearly 90,000. As Cheapside is a much more crowded thoroughfare than London Bridge, we may safely conclude that the number of persons who pass along it every day is not much under 100,000.

Then there is the middle of the leading streets: they are so crowded with cabriolets, hackney-coaches, omnibuses, &c., all driving at as furious a rate as if on an unfrequented turnpike-road, that you have sometimes to wait for a considerable period before you can venture to cross from one side to the other, and then only by making the greatest possible haste. It is really surprising that with the rapidity with which these vehicles drive along the streets, so few accidents should occur. The stranger fancies every moment

that some one will be run over, or that some serious accident will take place from their coming in collision. The circumstance of so few accidents occurring, is to be ascribed to the remarkable dexterity of the drivers. They will often drive at the most rapid pace through an open space of no greater breadth than allows their own vehicles two or three inches on either side. But the skill with which they thread their way through the mazes of other vehicles they find obstructing their progress is still more surprising. Even the omnibuses, the most clumsy and least manageable of all the vehicles which crowd our streets, are often driving in a zigzag direction, at as rapid a pace as the horses can accomplish, without the slightest accident occurring. The number of cabriolets, or cabs, as, for the sake of brevity, they are usually called, constantly plying in the streets of London, is about 1,200; that of hackney-coaches, which are numbered at Somerset House along with the cabs, about 600; and of omnibuses about 400. When to these are added the carriages, gentlemen's cabriolets, carts, wagons, and other vehicles, at all times on the streets, some idea will be formed of the business and bustle which characterise the leading thoroughfares of the metropolis.

Appearance of the Streets at different times.

It is curious to contrast the appearance of the streets of the metropolis at an early hour in the morning with their appearance in the middle of the day. At three or four o'clock in the morning, there is not a sound to be heard, except when the silence is broken by the feeble, worn-out, drowsy voice of the watchman calling the hour.* All is hushed, as if the silence of death reigned throughout. Nor is there anything to attract the eye, except a few cabs and hackney-coaches, stationed here and there in the streets with the horses and drivers equally dispirited from sheer exhaustion. In seven or eight hours afterwards, the pavements of the great thoroughfares are densely crowded with human beings, all busy and bustling, while the street presents to the eye so vast a number of carriages, coaches, cabriolets, carts, wagons, &c., that you are astonished how the drivers manage to move them a step. To the stranger's ears, the loud and everlasting rattling of the countless vehicles which ply in the streets of London, is an intolerable annoyance. Conversation with a friend with whom one chances to meet in mid-day in the leading streets of London is out of the question. The one cannot hear a word the other says. Both voices, no matter how stentorian, are com-

pletely drowned by the loud and unintermitting clatter caused by the wheels of the various vehicles which crowd the great thoroughfares.

Changes in the Society of Fashion.

It is curious to contemplate the changes which take place in the locality of fashion as well as in everything else. A century has not elapsed since the neighbourhoods of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Covent Garden, Soho, &c., were considered the most fashionable parts of London. It will surprise the modern pedestrian through London, when he is informed that at the beginning of last century, houses in Berwick-street, Greek-street, &c., which are now severally inhabited by, perhaps, three or four different families, all in humble circumstances, were the town residences of the first nobility in the land. From the parts of the town which I have just mentioned, the tide of fashion set in a westerly direction, in which it continued to flow until a few years ago, when it advanced rapidly towards Regent's Park. The streets also, most celebrated for the "shopping" of the aristocracy, have undergone a change. Forty years have not elapsed since Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, was the most distinguished in London for the quantity and quality of the articles which were there sold to the nobility. An aged gentleman has mentioned to me that he recollects quite well seeing it daily crowded with the carriages of the aristocracy, and that, times without number, has he known 500*l.* worth of articles disposed of, by one shop, in the course of one forenoon. Now it is comparatively deserted: the sight of a carriage in it is quite a novelty. It was supplanted in the good graces of the fashionables by Bond-street, which for many years enjoyed the exclusive distinction of being resorted to by them. Of late years, it, in its turn, has lost caste; Regent-street has become a formidable rival to it, and threatens to distance it still further.

Mortality, &c., in London.

The annual number of deaths in London is, in round numbers, 30,000. Dr. Clark, in his late treatise on consumption, incomparably the best work which has ever appeared on the subject,—says, that taking the aggregate population of Great Britain and Ireland, a fourth part of those who die from natural causes, are carried off by consumption. From some statements I have seen of the various causes of death in the metropolis, it would appear that fully this proportion of persons die of consumption. From this fact it appears that this disease is making alarming progress both in the metropolis and in the country; for, in Dr. Arbuthnot's time it was calculated, that out of every ten persons who died in London, only one was carried off

* And even this is only to be heard in the City. In the suburbs, the police do not now call the hour.

by consumption. The yearly number of births in the metropolis exceeds that of the deaths by 2,000 or 3,000.

Utility of the Clubs.

It is quite fashionable with certain people to pour forth all manner of abuse on the clubs. Never was abuse, in my opinion, more undeserved. I think them very excellent institutions, or, as Mr. O'Connell calls them, "mighty good things." What is the ground of complaint against them? Why, in the first place, that they have a tendency to make men unsociable. I deny it, as one of Sir Walter Scott's heroes—I forget which—says, point blank. I maintain, on the other hand, that their natural tendency is, by bringing men together, and engaging them in conversation, to make them more sociable? Well, but it is said, they impair a man's domestic habits by taking him away from his wife and children. Could there be a more ridiculous notion? Surely, no reasonable woman would have her husband always with her. I could name thousands of wives, whose pockets are not overstocked with cash, who would pay the entrance-money, ay, and the yearly subscription to boot, to any of the clubs, if they could only prevail on their "lords" to join them. They know little of the natural history of married women, who do not know, that of all infictions in the world, that of having their husbands everlastingly moping at home is the greatest. This calamity is felt most sensibly by young and handsome wives. No price would, in their estimation, be too high, that would purchase the absence for four or five hours each day, of their particularly domestic husbands. But even were it otherwise; supposing it really were so, that the women generally complained of their husbands neglecting to fulfil their domestic obligations by frequenting the clubs, is that to be admitted, without explanation and without qualification, as a charge against them? I hope better things. I am sure the people of the present age are too enlightened for that. First of all, I hold that if a husband spends too much of his time in the clubs, the fault is that of his spouse and not his own. There must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark," there must be misgovernment, if not absolute despotism at home, when a husband prefers the clubs, as a place of resort, to his own house. Well, and is such an unhappy person to have no place of refuge to go to? Is he to be doomed to endure the oppression of his better half, in addition to the squalling of his children,—that is, on the supposition he has any? Why, really those who know anything of the miseries of matrimonial domination, when the tyrant is in petticoats, will say at once, that the punishment which the northern Nero inflicts on the poor

Poles when he banishes them to the mines of Siberia, is nothing in severity to that of being always at home with one's wife, under the circumstances I have stated. Here let me observe, that though we have few modern Socrates, the crop of Xantippes is as plentiful as was that of Falstaff's blackberries. To such husbands, therefore, the clubs are, to all practical purposes, benevolent asylums without the unpopularity of the name.

Changes in the Inhabitants of London.

Perhaps there is no place in the world which so frequently changes its inhabitants as London. They are constantly shifting. It is computed that, on an average, 20,000 people enter it daily, while nearly an equal number depart from it. It is like a great vortex, drawing persons from all parts of the world into it, and after whirling them about a short time, again throwing them out. One large class of persons come to it on business, and when that is done, return to the country. Others come in quest of employment, and not being successful in the search, quit for another part of the kingdom or the world. A third class visit the metropolis for purposes of pleasure, and probably remain in it as long as their money lasts, which few men of pleasure find to be any very lengthened period, and then return home to lament their folly, with the addition, it may be, of a shattered frame to an empty pocket: while there is a very large class of persons who come to it from every part of the country on their way to the various quarters of the globe, because it has facilities peculiar to itself, for starting to every spot of the habitable world. Supposing a person were to walk up and down Cheapside for a whole day, and it were possible for him to have a perfect recollection of the distinctive features of every human face he saw, he would be surprised, on repeating the task a month afterwards, at the vast disproportion of the persons he had seen before and those who now passed him for the first time.

London Beggars.

Nothing short of absolute starvation can depress the spirits of the lower classes in the metropolis, or render them discontented with their situation in life. Even the beggars in the streets, though obliged to make demure faces, and to appear as if in the very depths of despondency when pursuing their calling, have their hours of unrestrained jollity. They are in the habit of meeting in fifties and fifties in particular houses, appropriated in different parts of the town for their reception, and spending whole nights in all manner of revelings. I have been told by those who have put on ragged clothes for the purpose of enabling them to visit such places

and see low life, without being suspected of being other than one of the parties themselves, that the scenes to be witnessed on such occasions are indescribably rich. There is one of these houses—it is the most celebrated one in London—in St. Giles's. There beggars of all descriptions congregate, and make up amply for the privations of the day in the shape of "long faces," mournful accents, &c.,—by the unrestrained enjoyments to which they give themselves up. The moment they enter the precincts of the place, their assumed character is laid aside, and they appear in their real one. There miracles of every kind are performed; and that too, without the agency of Prince Hohenlohe or anybody else. Those who but a few hours before seemed at the very gates of death from apparent destitution, are all at once restored to the full enjoyment of life. In one corner of the place, you will see thirty or forty crutches, which were in requisition the whole of the day,—and will be so to-morrow again,—but which are quite useless now. They who could not move without them, and scarcely with them, a short time before, are now among the most nimble in the company. Perhaps, they are dancing in the middle of the floor; for one leading feature in the amusements of these "jolly beggars" is that of having their nightly dance. You see a glass of gin in every one's hand, except in the hands of those who are busy in broiling Yarmouth bladders on the fire. There you see dozens of persons with eyes clear and keen as those of eagles, who were quite blind all the day. Those whom you saw in the streets in the morning, looking so ill, that you thought they would be in their coffins before the evening, are now, to use their own elegant phraseology, "all alive and kicking." Every symptom of sickness has disappeared. Any doctor would, almost warrant their lives for, at least, half a century. Do you see that fellow sitting on an old, dirty table, on the right-hand side of the fire, swinging his feet, beating with a stick, and hurraing at such a rate, that you would as soon have your ears within a couple of yards of the bell of St. Paul's? Why, that is the person whom you observed at four o'clock, creeping like a snail along Tottenham Court Road, looking every respectable person he met ruefully in the face, and imploring relief in the most pitiable accents. You said then, it was not without the greatest difficulty and most acute pain, that he was able to utter a word, even though only in a broken whisper: I suspect you are of a somewhat different opinion now.

Wines at Crockford's.

That the wines are of the choicest sort, and that there is enough to suit every diversity of taste, will at once be inferred from the

fact, that the cellar out of which the house is supplied, and which is kept by Crockford's son, contains a stock which is valued at 70,000*l*. "There's a cellar for you!"—any of the Irish Members of Parliament would exclaim. I lately went through the whole of it. It begins under Willis's Room, St. James's Street, and extends as far back as Braham's new Theatre. It measures 285 feet in length. When I was in it, Mr. Crockford, jun., mentioned to me, that the number of bottles of wine, which I saw shelved before me, independently of innumerable pipes, was 300,000! I thought of Lord Holland's story about the American, who, after he had made his friends drink an incredible quantity of wine, took them to see the heap of black bottles they had emptied. His lordship says, they were all surprised to see such a quantity of bottles under any circumstances,—but especially when they recollected that they had themselves emptied them all. What would they have thought had they been taken to Crockford's cellar, and seen, as I did, 300,000 bottles at once? Poor Sheridan would have been in ecstasies with the sight, especially as they were all full.

The Public Journals.

FAIRY TALES.

(From a clever and entertaining Paper in the Foreign Quarterly Review.)

EVERY one must have heard of St. Godric, in the 12th century, and his solitary hermitage at Finchale, near Durham, on the banks of the Wear, a spot too wild not to be haunted by hosts of hobgoblins. Generally speaking, though it is certain that they led him a very uneasy life, Godric seems to have been too strong or too cunning for his spiritual tormentors. Once, however, he was deceived. A goblin appeared to him in the night, and told him that by digging in a certain place he would find a treasure. Godric was not covetous, but he thought that it would be a more Christian-like act to take the money and distribute it among the poor, than to let it lie buried in the earth—he believed the evil one, in spite of the admonitions of his faith which characterized him as a liar from the beginning,—but out of the hole which he dug, instead of treasure, there came a troop of elves, who laughed at the hermit and fled away. Godric's chief employment was digging in his garden. One day, while he was at work, came a man whose status and appearance were sufficient to create suspicion—he reproached Godric with idleness, and the saint, who was again deceived, gave him his spade, and allowed him to proceed in his work whilst he himself went to his devotions. On his return, he found to his astonishment that the stranger

in the course of an hour had done the work of eight days. With the sacred images which were in his book he put to flight the evil one, and he made the earth which had been dug do penance by lying fallow for seven years.*

Contemporary with Godric there lived at Farnham in Yorkshire, another pious rustic, whose name was Ketel, and whom we may term the elf-seer. The historian, William of Newbury, relates many wonderful anecdotes of him. While but a lad, Ketel was one day returning from the field, riding on the wagon-horse, when suddenly, in a place perfectly level and smooth, the horse stumbled as though he had met with an obstacle, and his rider was thrown to the ground. As he raised himself up, Ketel beheld two very small black elves, who were laughing most lustily at the trick they had played upon him. From that hour was given to him the power of seeing the elves, wherever they might be and whatever they might be doing, and he often saved people from their malice. He assured those who were fortunate enough to gain his confidence, for he did not tell these things to every body, that there were some hobgoblins (demonies) who were large and strong, and who were capable of doing much hurt to those who might fall into their power; but that others were small and contemptible, incapable of doing much harm, and very stupid and foolish, but which delighted in tormenting and teasing mankind. He said that he often saw them sitting by the roadside on the look-out for travellers upon whom to play their tricks, and laughing in high glee when they could cause either them or their horses to stumble, particularly when the rider, irritated against his steed, spurred and beat him well after the accident. Ketel, as might be supposed, drew upon himself by his officiousness, and by his power of seeing them, the hatred of the whole fraternity.

A story equally curious, as showing how the popular legends were adopted by the monks of other countries as well as of our own, is that of the elf who in the earlier half of the twelfth century haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Treves, told by our English chronicler, John of Brompton. One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that during the night a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the

floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of the cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for the next morning another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father abbot, and, after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view was a small black elf sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf, clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighbouring monastery came to examine the scholars, and, on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished. Similar stories run through the mythology of all the western people;—we will only point out the story of the Haunted Cellar in Crofton Croker's *Irish Fairy Legends*, with the premise that we consider the greater part of those legends as being of Saxon and not of Irish origin.

The popular notion of devils and their works, as it now exists, decidedly owes its origin to the old mixture of popular mythology with Christianity—to it we must attribute the ludicrous character which has so often in popular stories been given to the demons, their stupidity, and their simplicity. To such devils as these do we owe devil's bridges, and devil's arrows, and devil's holes, and devil's dykes, and the like, which are continually met with in the wilder and more mountainous parts of our island. To these devils, too, we owe haunted houses and haunted castles—they delight in throwing about the chairs and the crockery-ware. Such, also, are the devils who still sometimes make their appearance among the Welsh peasantry, and of whom they tell a multiplicity of tales.

Of these tales we will give the following as a specimen—it is one that we have ourselves heard told in the Welsh marches,—it is the story of Morgan Jones and the Devil. Those who would have another may look into any Welsh guide for that of the Devil's Bridge in Carmarthenshire. Doubtless the Devil's Hole in the Peak had a similar legend connected with it, whose original may also have had some connection with the elf-story

* The life of Godric is given in Capgrave, *Legenda Nove Angl.*—but there exists in M.S. a life much longer and very interesting, written by a person who conversed with the hermit. M.S. Harl. No. 2377. The digging story is found in the M.S. at fol. 48, vo., in Capgrave, fol. clix. vo., ed. Wynk de Worde. The treasure legend occurs at fol. 60, vo., of the M.S. (Capg. fol. cxliij. vo.) The elves mentioned in the latter were very small and black, which was their general colour in the monkish stories. Godric often saw such elves, see the M.S. fol. 62.

told by Gervase of Tilbury as having occurred at this spot. But let us return to our story. Some twenty years ago, when in retired parts of the country the communication between one place and another was much slower and less frequent than it is now, there was a great deal of horse-stealing carried on in the English counties on the borders of Wales. Those counties were and are very full of pretty little towns and villages, in one or another of which there were fairs for the sale of live stock almost every day of the year, and it was easy to steal a horse from one parish, and carry it away and sell it at some one of these fairs, almost before the rightful owner knew that he had lost it. Well, it so happened that about this time lived a lazy, careless, rollicking sort of fellow, by name Morgan Jones, who contrived to make a living somehow or other, but how it was nobody well knew, though most people suspected that it was not the most honest livelihood a person might gain. In fact, every body was sure that Morgan was deeply implicated in horse-stealing, and many a time had he been brought before the justice on suspicion, but do what they could nobody could find sufficient evidence to convict him. People wondered and talked about it for a long time, until at last they came to the only natural conclusion, namely, that Morgan Jones must have dealings with the evil one.

Now it once chanced that Morgan and some of his chosen cronies were making themselves jolly over sundry pots of ale and pipes of tobacco, at a round, white, deal table, in the clean parlour of a very neat, little alehouse, as all village alehouses are in that part of the country. And they began to get very happy and comfortable together, and were telling one another their adventures, till at last one spoke plainly out, and told Morgan Jones that it was commonly reported he had to do with the Devil.

"Why, yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that same, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out; and I have not seen him these two months."

"Ay!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all." And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story.

"Well then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honour for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook shooting wild-fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming up but the Devil himself? But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the

bottom of his trousers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and says I, touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honour, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking a'ter, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'you're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you now, old boy,' 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff!' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he, '—— strong backy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman, my boys!"

Such is the ludicrous story of Morgan Jones, who had to do with a proper Welsh devil, without doubt.

PARIS IN SUMMER.

JULY, 1832. One of the great charms of a residence in Paris, is, that you are never at any considerable distance from some beautiful promenade. The cemetery of Pere laChaise, the garden of the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, the boulevards which extend all around the city, are delightful resorts; and the gay crowds, which throng them, especially of a summer's evening, give variety and animation to the scene.

One of my favourite resorts has been the garden of the Tuileries. One might there fancy himself in the groves of Academus; for the garden is mostly planted with elm and linden trees, which form an impenetrable shade; stone seats are placed at intervals among the trees, and classic statues, of white marble, contrast beautifully with the rich green. In the depths of the groves, there is stillness and solitude; but the broad alleys are worn by a thousand footsteps, and ring with the merry voices of children, who find a glorious play-ground in these extensive gardens.

Soldiers are stationed at the gates, and suffer none but well-dressed and decent looking persons to enter; so that here is a retreat from the numerous beggars, who tease you in the streets.

A terrace extends around three sides of the garden, and, being planted with trees, forms also a fine promenade. From the southern terrace, the view is beautiful. The Seine glides at your feet, and winds away into the

country; the amphitheatre of hills, which are formed round its bendings, being covered with pretty villages and country-houses, with their gardens. In front, and on the opposite side of the river, are the superb buildings devoted to the Legion of Honour and to the Chamber of Deputies, and the palaces of the ancient nobility. The classic bridge, which conducts to the palais Bourbon, surmounted with colossal statues by the first French artists, is at no great distance below; while, on the other hand, and higher up the river, the walls and towers of the island, where stood the Lutetia Parisiorum of the Romans, are seen rising from the river.

Paris is seen to most advantage in summer, as the climate in winter, is very bad. An evening's walk, in summer, along the boulevard, will convey some idea of Paris amusements and Paris life. The broad sidewalks are thronged; the ladies, in their beautiful dresses, which they know how to wear better than any women in the world; the cavaliers, in their best costume. Chairs are placed on each side, under the shade of the elms, (which is needed, when the sun does not set till eight o'clock,) and readily find occupants at a sous each. The glittering cafés open upon the street, and the brilliant lamps, reflected by walls of mirrors, pour a stream of light upon the sidewalk, and replace the fading beams of day. The little marble tables and the velvet-covered seats are occupied by crowds of both sexes, who make it their evening resort, and sip their coffee or lemonade, while they learn the news of the day. Meanwhile, a band of wandering minstrels gather round the door, and the music of the harp, the violin, the guitar, and other instruments, accompanied perhaps by a sweet voice, forms an agreeable concert, which is well repaid with a few sous. All is life; the moving crowds, the cries of the stall-keepers, the jugglers, the rope-dancers and tumblers, specimens of every class and description of people throng the boulevard, and form one of the liveliest pictures I have ever seen.—*New England Magazine*.

The Gatherer.

Organ Mending.—An organ, whose foundation is not good, is generally rendered worse by attempts at mending it. Snetzler, a celebrated organ builder at Frankfurt, told some churchwardens, who asked him, what he thought an old organ, which they wanted to have repaired, was worth, and what would be the expense of mending it: he appraised it at one hundred pounds, and said, if they would lay out another hundred upon it, it would then, perhaps, be worth fifty.—*Musical World*.

Canine Sagacity.—(To the Editor.)—At

p. 144 of the present volume of your Miscellany, there is a statement liable to mislead readers, headed "Canine Sagacity," respecting a dog supposed to have travelled on foot from the village of Sarre, near Canterbury, to London. I am enabled to acquaint you that the above dog returned to London in the *Dart steamer*, from Ramsgate, on Saturday, August 30; myself and family were passengers in the boat on the above day, and noticed the dog being lame; he came on shore with us into Thames-street, where we lost sight of him.

W. G. C.

Tournaments.—During the reign of Edward III., the tournaments were attended by many ladies of the first rank and greatest beauty. They were dressed in party-coloured tunics, one half being of one colour, and the other half of another; with short hoods and liripipes, or tippetts, which were wrapped about their heads like cords; their girdles were handsomely ornamented with gold and silver; and they wore short swords, or daggers, before them in pouches; thus habited they were mounted on the finest horses that could be procured, and ornamented with the richest furniture.

W. G. C.

When Sir Harford Jones went ambassador to Persia, the letter which he carried from George III. to the Schah, was, during the journey of the embassy through Persia, always placed in a *takht-e-ravan*, or litter, which was escorted by ten Indian troopers, and an officer. Whenever the train stopped, the letter was taken out with sound of trumpet, and deposited in the tent of ceremony, under a cloth of gold; a sentry with a drawn sword was placed over it, and no one was permitted to sit with his back to it.—W. G. C.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, 20*l*. would purchase chambers in an inn of court; and 20*l*. per annum were adequate to the yearly expenses of a sober student.

Herodotus says, that it was the custom of the Assyrians to expose sick persons in the streets, particularly when the case presented any novel feature, in the chance of picking up from the passers-by the result of some experience applicable to the particular case.

There is found near the Ural mountains in Siberia, a substance called *rock-meal*, which the natives mix with their bread, and eat. The Tartars likewise eat the lithomarge, or rock-marrow; and use rock-butter as a remedy for many disorders.—W. G. C.

Origin of Disease.—I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race: it is their gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating those organs, (the digestive,) to excess; thereby producing nervous disorders and irrita-

• Powdered gypsum.

tions. The state of their minds is another grand cause—the fidgeting and discontenting of yourself about that which can't be helped; passions of all kinds, malignant passions, and worldly cares pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, and do a great deal of harm.—*Abernethy.*

L. P. S.

A Rebuke.—"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Roche to a talkative person, who was constantly suiting the action to the word, as he sat next him at dinner. "Indeed, my lord," replied the talker, "we are so crowded at table that I do not know where to put my hand."—"Place it upon your mouth," said the Prince.—G.H.

Sang froid.—At the theatre at Rennes, one evening when an immense crowd had assembled to see Potier, a female fell from the gallery into the pit, in her haste to obtain a front seat. Numbers, of course, hastened to her assistance, and on anxiously inquiring as to her state, were surprised to get for answer—"Ah, non! Dieu! moi qui avais une si bonne place."

G. H.

Beetle Brooches.—At Rio Janeiro, many owners send their slaves out to catch insects; and this is the reason why the most brilliant insects are to be had so cheap at Rio de Janeiro. When a man has attained to some adroitness in this operation, he may, on a fine day, catch in the immediate vicinity of Rio more than five or six hundred beetles. This trade in insects is considered very lucrative, six milreis, (four rix dollars, or about fourteen shillings,) being paid for the hundred. There is a general demand for these brilliant beetles, whose wing-cases are now sought for the purpose of adorning the ladies of Europe—a fashion which threatens the entire extinction of this beautiful tribe. The diamond beetle is in great request for brooches for gentlemen, and ten piastres are often paid for a single beetle.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Borrowing.—"My marm wants to know if your marm will lend my marm your marm's pickaxe to make our hega hencoop?"—"Oh, certainly; and when you go home just ask your mother if she'll be kind enough to lend us a keg of that firkin of butter she bought to-day, that's a nice little man; and just clean us a mess of them pouts and eels that your father caught this afternoon, and bring them down with the butter, my dear, and I'll certainly give you the first bright cent that I find in the ashes."—"I guess, on the whole," said the boy, "we shant want that pickaxe of yourn."—*American Paper.*

Cádiz, once the richest ornament in the Spanish diadem—the city of wealth—the gem of the ocean!—is situated at the extremity of an isthmus which connects it with La Isla de León. The city, built on rocks, is

boldly projected into the sea, at the distance of two leagues from the latter town; and when approached from either the Atlantic or Mediterranean, has the appearance of an island rising majestically from the bosom of the ocean in silvery splendour. Thousands of fantastic towers and minarets (pointing their alabaster peaks towards the clear ethereal canopy) burst on the view at every bound of the vessel, from the deck of which the anxious voyager gazes on the wished-for port; on nearer approach the lofty sea-wall, based on the solid rock, rises to the height of sixty feet above the level of the sea (by which this beautiful city is on three sides laved), presenting a long line of protruding guns, bidding grim defiance to any attack from shipping; while on the lower or eastern quarter, in which are situated the sea and land-gates, a triple line of fortifications, extending from sea to sea, present an almost insurmountable barrier to the advance of an enemy in that quarter.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

Large Letters in Show-bills.—When Mrs. Billington and Miss Parke were engaged to sing at a concert, the latter lady threatened to renounce her engagement if her name were printed in smaller type than that of Mrs. Billington. Whereupon the conductor apprises his prima-donna of her coadjutor's determination, and desires to know what course he is to pursue. "Print my name (said the finest singer of her day) in the smallest letter employed in the bill." This was done; and much Miss Parke gained by her corpulent type.—*Musical World.*

Piano-fortes.—Our principal makers have rivalled each other in their exertions to increase the powers and improve the quality of their instruments; and, while those of each maker have some distinguishing feature of excellence, no one can be said to have gained a general pre-eminence over the others. The English instruments for a long time possessed an undoubted superiority throughout Europe; but latterly the French instruments rival them, and the Vienna instruments are beginning to be much esteemed. Their tone is sweet, though less powerful than the English or French instruments; and the lightness of their touch facilitates the execution of the brilliant difficulties of the Czerny and Hers school.—*Ibid.*

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